# AROUND THE WORLD.

General Grant's Journey in Foreign Lands.

SPAIN AND THE SPANIARDS.

A Visit to the Historical City of Vittoria.

ULYSSES AND ALFONSO.

Growing Uneasiness Throughout the Basque Provinces.

General Grant's visit to Spain has been told so fully oy telegraph that any reference to it now would seem with the journey of the ex-President are worthy of remembrance. The pomp, the parades, the dinners, he display of military and social attractions have been repeated here, as in other European lands You must add to this that Spanish courtesy always stately and gracious. This air sincerity adds to the value of a The American will tell you in a hurried. relling fashion, "Glad to see you;" "Come again;"
"Take a drink;" and straightway you vanish and are forgotten. If you meet a week later you will require an introduction. The Spanierd will tell you, "This your house You have taken possession of it.' You must not suppose that this involves the right to move your furniture and set up housekeeping. He what the American means, but says it in there was the same differ ace. It was stately and grave. The General might have been a conqueror coming into his kingdom; he might have been the fifth Charles, risen out of his Escurial tomb, come back to see what had become of his vast dominion. He would have been received pretty much as our ex President was received. There would have been the crowds that surrounded him at Christiania and all through Sweden-friendly, eager crowds. You England. The Spaniard never goes in a crowd except to mass, and never cheers unless it may be at a bullfight. The moment of supreme enthusiasm only comes when Frascuelo drives the point of his sword nto the neck of the panting and wounded bull. A GLIMPSE OF BIARRITZ.

It was the intention of General Grant when he left

pecially Pau. But when he came to Bordeaux he was met by a message from the King of Spain, who was his troops, and who especially requested that the General would honor him with a visit. If there is ne thing the General dislikes it is reviewing troops; but the message from the King was so cordial that it could hardly be declined. Accordingly Pau was postponed, and the General went on as far as Biarritz, meaning to rest over night and cross the frontier next day. Biarritz was very beautiful. After cloudy Paris there was something joyous in the sun-shine which lit up the old Biscayan town and ous it was to see it, really see it, after so much living among rivers and hedges, and to feel that the Biarritz is a small frontier town, where the French out into the sea, and has a peculiar formation, which breaks into racaverns, and admits of quaint ralks and drives. Biarritz might have lived on for few centuries its drowsy existence, like hundreds of other towns which have a sea coast and sand over which bathers could paddle and splash, entirely un known, had not the last Napoleon builded himself : cc. His wife had fancied Biarritz in early Spanish days, and it is supposed the house was built to please her. But from that moment Biarritz events of the Third Empire happened on this have been to the Empress Eugénie what the Trianon was here that she could do as she pleased, and it was so near Spain that old friends could drop in and talk about old times. It was here that Bismarck came before the German and Austrian war to find out what Napo leon would do. Napoleon was quite charmed by the young German statesman, and was talked into a neutrality which he afterward regarded as one of the grave errors of his reign. It was this bamboozling of Napoleon by Bismarck, this making the Emperor believe that if he would only keep his hands off during the Austrian war he might do as he pleased afterward, that kept his hands off. Austria was thrown, and Na-poleon found not only that it was impossible for him face with the ancient and hereditary foe of France. POLITICAL MEMORIS OF BIABRITZ.

These are among the thoughts that come as you stroll along the beach and look out upon the sea It rolls as calmly as when Bismarck and Napoleon walked here, planning to govern the world. Bis marck has more serious problems before him, and sits perplexed and wondering over his united Ger-many, which somehow does not unite as harmoni-ously as was hoped, but engenders assassination. and standing armies, and deficiencies, and communism, sits a prematurely old man, bent and gray be fore his time. Napoleon has vanished into night. The fair Eugénie finds her home under the cold gray skies of Chiscihurst and ne longer comes to her Biscayan summer resort. Her hous that looks from a distance like a sugar refinery or a grain elevator, it looks so big and plain. I am told it vill not be open until the Emperor comes to his own again, which is a prospect not very apparent. In the neantime the little town, missing its Bonapartes and Bismarcks, Mornys and Merimes, and all the following of the court, has fallen into quiet, old fashioned ways. There is a casino where you may have cards and coffee; a singing saloon, where you may drink beer and hear a vivacious young woman not overclothed sing you th latest songs from Paris. If it happens that your knowledge of the French tongue is indefinite there will be no remorse of conscience in hearing the songs. finest in Europe. I have high authority for saying that in this hotel is the only cook in Europe who can broil a chicken in a manner satisfying to the American taste. There are stores where you can buy worsted commodities and all manner of knick-knacks from Paris. The streets—I believe, however, there is only one-are picture-sque. You see the Basque costumes, farmers who yoke their axea by the head and compel them to hand the heaviest loads. I think the General was much more interested in this than in anything elso-much more than in the memories and remnants of the Third Empire—and tried to solve the problem. He had seen oven bandled in many ways, but never in this Pyrenecan fashion. The more it was studied the more useless it ap-peared. I suppose it is some old Basque tradition. were gardens and aromatic plants that perfumed the There were walks on the sea and on the edge of cliffs that overlooked the sea. This is all of Bia ritz, which lingers as a sunny spot in the memory, for here you have the ocean and here also you have

We entered Spain about noon, passing many scenes of historical interest. I do not remember them all. the bewitching beauty of the coast and landscape | visited Spain and not met him; that there was no usurping all mere historical reflections. I have man in Spain he was more anxious to meet, Castelar I face.

ong my books one written by an Englishman. is the standard English book on Spain and is amus-ing reading. The author is named Ford, and the impression you gather as you run over npression you gather as you run over pages is one of bitter beer and rarebits. Ford seems to have wandered the pages is over Spain a good deal and to have acquired a multi tude of facts. But he cannot finish a chapter with out singing "God Save the Queen" and blessing the memory of the Duke of Wellington. He generally speaks of Wellington as "The Duke." as though there were only one duke in the British peerage entitled to the definite article. He hates the French, who have always shown periody toward Spain—"sometimes the sword, sometimes the welding ring." This is an allu-sion to the Spanish marriage which was a burning Ford was in his glory. England was angry because the Spanish Queen would not marry to suit England. There was the old dread of French interference in Spain, which was so rife in the time of Louis XIV and Napoleon. To allow one of Louis Philippe' sons to marry a Spanish princess was an ex-tension of French influence which England would not tolerate. The son was married, and now lives in Seville as Duke de Montpensier, and one of the children of this marriage was the poor Queen Mercedes, who was married last January and died in June. The impression you gain from writers like but for the intervention of some Power like England England is the fountain of wisdom, the type of jus tice, the source of power, the all conquering and ever just, which hangs over the Peninsula like a Providence and without which ——?

FOREIGN INFLUENCE IN SPAIN. There is this comfort in a book like Ford's, that from the English point of view, and every step in a new land is only a point of comparison with his own. I have read in novels and story books that the type of the American was his bragging, and that the true all creation. This was before the war. Since ther we have not been in a bragging humor, and true bragging traveller give me the Englishman. He tion of argument. The subject is not one for argument. Of course the highest type of civilization is English, and of course there is no army that can stand for a moment in face of an English army, and no soldier lived who could compare with the Duke of Wellingtou. This is not to be discussed. Everyof Wellington. This is not to be discussed. Every body knows it, and I question if there could be friend that perhaps he was mistaken; that there were other countries where an army was valiant, and men nations who were unselfish and brave. The English traveller, who comes to Spain with his stan-dards fixed, looks on this country as a sad place. Nothing pleases him. The cooks put too much garlic in the food, the very intners do not know how to flavor their sherry The men you meet on the streets carry knives. They each adventure. They will not work. Life consists of the bull-ring, the café, the mass and the lottery. They smoke cigarettes-foolish little can grasp them. What can you think of a people who smoke cigarettes, when they could buy the old fashioned clay pipes of England and have a genuine smoke. They brink thin wine, or preparations of almond and orange. How can a nation be great which will fool its time on these insipid washes and never know the luxury of a swig of good old honest English ale? They cat beans and cakes, and rarely have roast beef. This is the ultimate sign of

God forbid that I should raise a standard of com-parison disparaging to England. I only think these France, or the United States—more especially Spain—as English writers are doing almost without an exjourney, the memory of old impressions gathered from English books, and more particularly from Ford, comes back to me, and I know how unjust they are and how my own experiences were at variance with those I gleaned from the books. As to the politics of Spain, I could never see that any invasion ever did her good, and I do not see much rence between the invasions of the English and came here as the savior of Spain, that he had any England wanted to fight Napoleon, and because Parliament can more easily explain the loss of 10,000 Spanish or Hessian allies in a battle than if they were 10,000 fellow countrymen and the nation throbbing over their loss. I hear that the French burned some towns when they were in Spain. But England destroyed a Spanish fleet and sacked Badajoz, while we owe to France the saving of the Alhambra, To France we owe the opening of the Inquisition prisons, one of the most beneficent acts of modern times. I can see no interest that would be served by the destruction of French power in the Peninsula but the interests of England, and these only so far as it is believed that England only can be strong and free while other nations are weak and divided. I can see how from a high political point Portugal more than for them to form a close commercial alliance with France-a confederation if pos They have many points of resemblance-in religion, the origin of language and geographical relations. Such an alliance would infuse the whole mass with the wealth and the enterprise of France, and the Mediterranean might become once more the seat of empires as mighty as the empires of the past. But this might affect the route to India, the balance of power, the freedom of the seas or some special British interest. Everything must be secondary to that So long as British interests are safe it matters little

what happens to Spain or how poor her people may I look on Spain in a kindlier spirit, and although as you cross the frontier and see how all things change, and feel the instantaneous difference between Spain and France, I cannot help feeling that she was mighty in other days and that within her borders lies the strength that may awake to the mastery of empires On the one side of the boundary you leave the brisk, dapper French gendarme, all action and noise, the clean stations, trim with flowers, the eating tables where you can burden yourself with bon-bons and champagne. On the other side you hear no noise. That everlasting French clatter is ceased. You do not see groups of gesticulating pople all speaking at once. Things are not so clean. There is smoke everywhere—smoke in the saloons, ir the eating rooms. You might find something to eat in the restaurant, but it would only be with your appetite in a normal condition. No one seems in a hurry. Groups in all conditions, some in cloaks, some in rags, stand about smoking cigarettes and taiking of politics and the bull fights. I wonder if this is a good sign, this talking politics. It is a GENERAL GRANT AND CASTELAR.

There were officers in high grade who awaited the coming of General Grant. They came directly from the King, who was at Vittoria, some hours distant. Orders and been sent to receive our ex-President as a Captain General of the Spanish army. This question of how to receive an ex-President of the United States has been the source of tribulation in most Euro pean Cabinets, and its history may make an interesting chapter some day. Spain solved it by awarding the ex-President the highest military More interesting by far than this was the meeting with Mr. Castelar, the ex-President of Spain. Mr. Castelar was in our train and on his way to San Sebastian. As soon as General Grant learned that he was among the group that gathered on the platform Mr. Castelar was presented to the General, and there was a brief and rapid conversation. The General thanked Mr. Castelar for all that he had done for the United States, for the many eloquent and noble words he had spoken for the North, and said he would have been very much disappointed to have

brow of Shakespeare. He is under the aver age height, and his face has no covering but a thick, drooping mustache. You note the Andalusian type, swarthy, mobile, and glowing eyes that seem to burn with the sun of the Mediterranean. Castelar's presidency was a tempest with Carlism in the North, and Communism in the South, and the Monarchy everywhere. How he held it was a marvel, for he had no friend in the family of nations but America, and that was a cold friendship. But he kept Spain free, and executed the laws and vindicated the ational sovereignty, and set on foot by his incompar able eloquence the spirit which pervades Spain to-day, and which, sooner or later, will make itself an authority which even the cannon of General Pavia cannot challenge. It was a picture, not without in-structive features, this of Castelar, the orator and ex-President of Spain, conversing on the platform of the frontier railway station with Grant, the soldier and ex-President of the United States. "When I reach Madrid," said the General, "I want to see you." "I will come at any time," said Castelar. The only man in Spain who received such a message from General Grant was Emilio Castelar.

ARBIVAL AT VITTORIA-RECEIVED BY THE KING-SORROW OF ALFONSO FOR THE LOSS OF HIS

VITTORIA, Nov. 11, 1878. A slight rain is falling, but all Vittoria is in a glow. The open space in front of our hotel is filled with booths and dealers in grains and other merchandise. The traders sit over their heaps of beaus, peppers, melons and potatoes. They are mainly tume; the men in red and blue bonnets, with blue blouses, mostly faded, and red sashes swathed about the waist. These cavaliers spend most of their time smoking cigarettes, watching their wives at work. Now and then a swarthy citizen in a Spanish cloak saunters by, having been to mass or to coffee, and eager to breathe the morning His team is a box resting on two clumsy has taken two thousand years of Basque civilization—the most sucient, perhaps, in Europe—to produce this wheel, you may Europe-to produce how far the people have advanced. The team is drawn by two oxen, with their horns locked together pig, ready for the last and highest office a pig can pay to humanity. Other carts come laden with hay drawn You hear drums and trumpets and army calls. The town is a camp, and ladies are thronging the lattice windows and soldiers come swarming out of the narrow streets into the market place. This is the in the street about a hundred paces from our hotel, quiet, expectant, staring into an open gateway. This ngs of yellowish stone and red tiles. Over the gate clings the flag of Spain, its damp folds clustering the pole. A black streamer blends with the yellow and crimson folds, mourning the death of the Queen. Natty young officers trip about, their breasts blazoned with decorations, telling of victories in Carlist and Cuban wars, all wearing mourning on their present arms, a group of elderly officers come streaming out of the gateway. At their head is a stripling with a slight mustache and thin, dark side whiskers In this group are the first generals in Spain-Concha Quesada—captain-generals, noblemen, helmeted, spurred, braided with gold lace, old men with gray bairs. The stripling they follow, dressed in captain as it uncovers, is Alfonso XII., King of Spain.

When General Grant reached Vittoria there were all the authorities out to see him, and he was informed that in the morning the King would meet him. Ten 'clock was the hour, and the place was a small city hall or palace, where the King resides when he comes was escorted into an ante-room where were several aides and generals in attendance. He passed into a small room, and was ed by the King. The room was a library, with books and a writing table covered with papers, as though His Majesty had been hard at work. His Majesty is a young man, twenty past, with a frank, open face, side whiskers and mustache like down. He had a buoyant, boyish way about him which made one sorrow to think that on these young shoulders should rest the burdens of sovereignty. How much he would have given to have gone into the green fields for a romp and a ramble—those green fields that look so winsome from the window. It was only yesterranks with the great generals of the world heavily braided with bullion. Alfonso speaks French as though it was his own tongue, German and Spanish fluently, but not so well, and English with good accent, but a limited vocabulary. When the General entered the King gave him a seat and they entered into conversation. There was a little fencing as to whether the Seneral said he knew Spanish in Mexico, but thirty five years had passed since it was familiar to him and he would not venture upon it now. The King was auxious to speak Spanish, but English and French were the only tongues used. THE KING'S CONVERSATION WITH GENERAL GRANT

The King said he was honored by the visit of Gen eral Grant, and especially because the General had come to see him in Vittoria; otherwise he would have missed the visit, which would have been a regret to him. He was very curious to see the General, as he had read all about him, his campaigns and his Presi-dency, and admired his genius and his character. To this the General answered that he would have been sorry to have visited Europe without seeing Spain. The two countries—Spain and the United States—were so near each other in America that their interests were those of neighbors. The General then spoke of the sympathy which was felt throughout the United States for the King in the loss of his wife. The King said that he had learned this, and it touched him very nearly. He then spoke of the Queen. His marriage had been one of love, not of policy. He had been engaged to his wife almost from childhood-for five years at least. He had made the marriage in spite of many difficulties, and their union, although brief, was happy. No one knew what a help she had been in combatpleasure to be an executive—no easy task. The General had seen something of it, and knew what it was. To this the General answered that he had had eight years of it, and they were the most difficult and burdensome of his life. The King continued to dwell on the burdens of his office. Spain was tranquil and prosperous, and he believed she was entering upon a career of prosperity; and trom all paris of his kingdom came assurances of contentment and loyalty. There were

irom all paris of his kingdom came assurances of contentment and loyalty. There were no internecine wars like the Carlists' in the North or the Communists' in the South, and Cuba was pacified. All this was a picasure to him. But there were difficulties inseparable from the royal office. While his wire lived, together they met them, and now she was gone. His only solace, he continued, was activity, incessant labor. He described his way of living-rising early in the morning, visiting barracks, reviewing troops, and going from town to town.

All this was said in the frankest manner—the young King leaning forward in his chair, pleased, apparently, at having some one to whom ne could talk, some one who had been in the same path of perplexity, who could feel as he felt. The teneral critered into the spirit of the young man's responsibilities, and the talk ran upon what men gain and lose in exalted stations. There way such a contrast between the two men—Alfonso, in his general's uniform, the President in plain black dress, fumbling an opera hat in his hand. In one face were all the joy and expectancy of youth—of beaming, fruitful youth—just bouched by the shadow of a great duty and a heart-searing sorrow. Echnical him the memory of his love, his dear love, torn from his arms almost before he had crowned their lives with the maptial sacrament—before him all the burdens of the throne of Spain. In the other face were the marks of battles won and hardships endured and triumphs achieved—and rest at last. One face was satin, youth and offort streaming from the dark, bounding eyes. The other showed labor. There were lines on the brow, gay hairs mantling the forehead, the beard gray and brown, the stooping sinoulders showing that Time's land was bearing upon them. One was twenty years of age, the other fire younger of the two was the ex-President. Care and sorrow had stamped themselves on the young King's

## MAXIMILIAN.

Secret History of His Final Struggle in Mexico.

The Sherman-Campbell Expedition and Why It Failed.

EX-MINISTER OTTERBOURG'S STORY

Secretary Seward's Desires and Why They Were Not Accomplished.

The publication of extracts from M. Masseras' rec ollections of Carlotta and Maximilian in the Hebald of December 14 has occasioned some discussion events which transpired in that very exciting period xtending from September, 1866, to June, 1867. Judge Marcus Otterbourg, who was American Consul at that time in the city of Mexico and afterward a Heuald reporter and induced to relate what he knew of the Sherman-Campbell expedition and other epoch referred to. He told the inside and hitherte unpublished history of these things, and shed light on subjects but very imperfectly understood by the world in relation to them. His interviews with General Grant, Bazaine and Maximilian, though matters of great importance in this connection, have never been mentioned before, and will be read with interest.

The interview with ex-Minister Otterbourg was conducted in the form of question and answer, in errupted now and then by reference to private diplomatic correspondence and records, and may thus be succinctly epitomized. The reporter remarked:— "As you were in charge of the legation in the city of Mexico at the time the Sherman-Campbell expedition was sent from Washington by Secretary Seward, you

"This expedition was not started while I was in Mexico, although I was in the city of Mexico when Messrs. Sherman and Campbell anchored at Vera Cruz," said the gentleman.

you explain it ?"

"Well, I suppose I may say to you that very few people living know what was the occasion of the expedition. It was during the month of September 1866. Marshal Bazaine was in the interior and the situation had become very grave at the capital. Rumors were affoat that the French army had become begun to despair of controlling matters in the new empire. The influences surrounding Maximilian generally understood that the orders from the French overnment meant an early evacuation of the country by its troops. That they had decided to go I knew; but their amour propre rendered them undecided as to how they could leave with a good grace. From the official bulletins as to the situation in the interior nothing so reliable could be gleaned as to make American government. The means that would have been furnished any representative of any other were not placed at my disposal. I had to be my own news gatherer, agent, reporter or whatever you choose to call it, and resort to strategy to secure something like accurate information for my superiors at Washington. There was no doubt, however, that any man slightly familiar with the circumstance and daily occurrences about him could see that the Empire was fast crumbling. A few days before I had to make up my mail for Mr. Seward I was out on one of my tours of observation. and made it my business to hunt up a man of whom I knew I could obtain the truth as to the condition of things in the interior. I found him in front of fonda or coffee house near one of the public squares. I had heard of diplomatists going to breakfasts or dinners, not for the purpose of eating or drinking, time is a man more likely to be communica tive and good natured than after a sumptuous re past. I at one time did considerable in this way but this government has forgotten to refund th money I thus expended. But to return to my friend at the fonds. I invited him to enter and take a glass

versation with him about the situation, SOUNDING A DIPLOMAT. "I asked him if he had heard anything from Marsh Bazaine, and from his manner I saw at once that he had. But it was evident that he meant to keep his knowledge to himself. It was important I should have it, so I passed the sherry again. It is wonder ful the effect a few glasses of sherry will have on some natures. After this gentleman had taken his third libation he thawed completely. I have some information, said he, but it's all of a confidential nature, and none here but myself could be in possession of it, so you will see that you must guarantee that I shall never be mentioned as your source of information if I tell you what I know.' I gave the gentleman my promise and have kept it and mean to keep it. He then read a letter to me from a man attached to Marshai Bazaine's headquarters, describing the condition of the French as being desperate in the extreme. I considered the information in its details of such importance that I was sorry for having given my promise of secrecy. I fell that action had to be taken immediately, and I asked my friend to permit me to use the information for the benefit of my government. He demurred on the ground that in the existing disorder of the bountry despatches even to the United States government did not always reach their destination, and he felt that should mine, containing this information, fall into the hands of any of the contending parties in Mexico he must necessarily be discovered as my informant. I set his mind at rest on this score by telling him that I would carry the news home myself." third libation he thawed completely. 'I have some

of sherry with me, which he did, and I opened a con-

ing parties in Morico he must necessarily be discovered as my informant. I set his mind at rest on this score by telling him that I would carry the news home myself."

"He was satisfied, and we parted. I returned to the legation, sent a despatch to our Consul at Vera Cruz, instructing him to notify the State Department that I would leave Mexico the following day for Washington, my arrival there to be subject to the approval of the Secretary of State. In other words, I was going home without leave, reserving my explanation for Mr. Seward alone. I left the following day, and tendays after reported at the State Department at Washington. I was received by Mr. Seward, to whom I told all I knew about the situation in Mexico. He approved of my coming and so did the government. Then, having passed through New York without seeing my family, I asked for thirty days leave of absence. It was denied. I was placed under orders, with the privilege of remaining in Washington. Two days afterward, through the intervention of Mr. Fred Seward, through the intervention of Mr. Fred Seward, I was allowed to see my family in New York-with the understanding, however, that I would hold myself in readiness to leave at a moment's notice. On October 20.1 was ordered to report in person at the State Department, and accordingly did so. I arrived in Washington about six o'clock on the morning of the 23d, and called at Mr. Seward's office at nine o'clock. I had a brief interview with him, during which he ordered me to reduce to writing what I had to say about Mexico, as there was to be a Cabinet meeting at eleven o'clock, at which Mexican matters would be discussed, and he wanted to present my report on that subject. I did so, and a few minutes before eleven o'clock Secretary Seward put it in his portrolio and went to the Cabinet meeting at the White House.

The successary of the seeral proportion with the delivered to meet Mr. Campbell, who had then been appointed Minister to Mexico. It was at that neeting that I fearned that General Grant, M

him a copy of the secret instructions. General Grant took one of his historical cigars out of a box, lit it, offered us each one and said very coolly, as he shall not a long curl of fragrant smoke from his lips, it will not go to Mexico! I receive no orders from the State. Open the Bepartment, General, said I, it is really one from the June Hoperment, General, said I, it is really one from the June Hoperment, General, said I, it is really one from the June Hoperment, General, said I, it is really one from the June Hoperment, General, said I, it is really one from the June I was a free from the June I was the front of Mexico I can attend to that business from this office. Sheridan is near the frontier and he'll execute any orders I give him."

"After some general conversation about Mexico we retired and reported General Grant's refusal to the State Dopartment. The next we knew was that General Sherman was to accompany us. I ought to say here, perhaps, that while I now use the word 'us' in talking to you of that expedition, I never consented to go with it. My position may be thus explained:—I thid not believe that some of those composing the expedition understood or appreciated the importance of the mission and the position assumed by the American people toward the Mexican. I really ihought the whole thing would be a failure. I told Mr. Sward at the time that I did not care to go on the Susquehama with then expedition, but that I would be of much more service if allowed to leave before if and be at the city of Mexico on its approach. I would then have prepared the Mexican. Campbell and Singuehama with the assistance of Mr. Fredrick Seward, in being permitted to have my own way. The Susquehama left on the 19th of November, 1866. I embarked two days later with my family, arrived at Havana in time to meet General Sherman and Mr. Campbell, and an interview with the latter, left for Vera Cruz ahead of the expedition and reselved the completion of the fraction of the french sheet of the word of the fraction of the fren

liberals. If they do so it means war to the bitter end, and prolongs and accumulates difficulties unless some decided steps are immediately taken."

"As Mr. Masseras says, the Susquehanna returned to America without Sherman and Campbell having effected anything. But he is mistaken as to the cause of the expedition's failure. The situation in Mexico had not changed sufficiently to cause an alteration in the policy which prompted the expedition. Had the envoys remained twenty-four hours longer in Vera Cruz and received the foreering report, which arrived at the time stipulated and which was accompanied by an invitation from Marshal Bazsine to General Sherman to land and meet him, Maximilian would not have been executed and might have been living to-day, thousands of lives saved and a great deal of hardship to American citizens prevented. The understanding between myself and Mr. Campbell was that he was to wait for my report. I rendered it the third day after my arrival in the capital. The Susquehanns left Vera Cruz an hour before my courier reached that city with the two important documents—Bazaine's invitation to Sherman and my report. On such trivial things often turns the tide in the affairs of nations. I have never understood the cause of that sudden departure.

NOW BAZAINE'S INFITATION WAS OBTAINED.

"Those who read this will hardly be able to appreciate the difficulty of getting the French Marshal to invite the American General to call upon him. The French Minister, M. Dano; General Castelnau, the special envoy of Napoleon III, and Marshal Bazzine were all at loggerheads. Castelnau had instructions to depose Bazzine and didn't dare to do it; M. Dano was particularly anxious about himself, fearing lest he should lose the prestige of his position: Marshal Bazzine at one time was haughty and overbearing toward Americans and their interests. All three had to be reconciled to the idea of inviting the American General, whom, after all, they wanted to releve them of their troubles. If General Sherman had come to t

and present his credentials to the government recognized by the United States—that of Juarez. The invitation was obtained in this way:—I brought the news of the arrival of the Susquehanna to the city, and it caused no little surprise. I saw the three French officials, and suggested the invitation of General Sherman, whose rank was equal to that of Marshal Bazaine, for the purpose of enabling these officials to confer with him as to the most acceptable method of bringing order out of the existing chaos. After a great deal of trouble Marshal Bazaine wrote it and I despatched it. The following letter from General Sherman shows how useless were my efforts to bring about the desired meeting:—

Headquarters Military Division of the She, is Hon. Mancus Offichaouth (Lity of Mexico:—

Dean Sin-Your kind note of December 1, enclosing one of the same date from Marshal Bazaine to yourself, did not reach me until to day, when it was brought by the United States teamer Minesons.

I beg you will call on Marshal Bazaine and assure him my name of my high appreciation of the manner in which he offered to receive me in the city of Mexico. You already know that reasons existed at that time why our Minister, Mr. Campbell, could not with propricty land at Vera Cruz, and I was required to attend him to Tampico and Matamoros.

I am now going to my proper military station at St.

noros.

Rooman of the management of the meet that distinguished officer and to convey to him in person my acknowledgments of his kindness on this occasion.

With great respect, your friend and servant.

Lioutenant General United States Army.

Lieutenant General United States Army.

THE LAST DAYS OF MAXIMILIAN.

"What about Maximilian after the failure of the Sherman-Campbell expedition?"

"Maximilian came back to the city of Mexico, and the situation grew worse and worsedarly. I could not do justice to the subject without referring to matters and papers which are not within reach now. The relations between him and the French officials did not improve in any way after his return from Orizaba. The opinion was entertained by a great many in Mexico that the moment the French troops were withdrawn from the capital there would be a pronunciamento and a subsequent change of government. On the 5th of February, 1867, the French troops left the capital and encamped for two days a short distance from it. It was understood that in case of an outbreak in the city they would return and assume control of the place. Nothing happened, however; but the gloom which always follows and precedes great events in a revolution overshing the city. No man felt safe; no one knew what was coming next. The reports that Generals Marquese, Miramon and Mejia were to conduct the military operations of the so-called imperial government made me fear the worst, and I asked for a private interview with Maximilian.

SPOKEN LIKE A PRINCE.

spoken Like a Prince.

"It was granted, and I was received by him privately on the 7th of March. I opened the interview with an expression of my anxiety for the welfare of the city. I said:

"I consider the situation very critical, and there can be no solution of the difficulties satisfactory alike to the friends of the country and those to whom you have been considerate unless you leave the country. I feel prompted to speak to you frankly and openly, as you in a former interview encouraged me to do so." "Speak your mind freely," he said, to Germany

and openly, as you in a former interview encouraged me to do so.

"Speak your mind freely, he said, in German.

"From what I can see, sir, I fear you will never leave this country alive, unless you avail yourself of the opportunity that is afforded you now along the road from this city to Vera Cruz, occupied by the French. The time is not distant when those who make efforts now to detain you here will not care for you, and very few of them will be by your side if you should want to leave the country hereafter.

"The Emperor listened very attentively, but made no reply. I thought I had made an impression and I continued talking, reverting to the fact that it was persectly consistent with the position he occupied to leave the country at that time, when the French government had abandoned him to his fate. I said:—

'You will concede that without the promise of the French to furnish you the means and supply the money to establish an imperial government here you woult never have come. The world will not say that you have abandoned the Mexicans. It can be made plausible to every one that the French government's faiture to fulfil its agreement with you induced you to leave the country and withdraw from the enterprise." (Concede everything you say, replied Maximilian.

to leave the country and withdraw from the enterprise." "I concede everything you say," replied Maximilian,
'and thank you for your solicitude for my personal
safety. I feel that I have not made as many triends
in Mexico as I desired to have bound to me. There
are some good men, however, who have attached
themselves to my cause, thinking to promote the
welfare of their country by so doing. I cannot leave
them to the mercy of my enemies to be persecuted
when I am safe. I shall either save them with myself or share their fate, whatever that may be."
I could make no reply to such an argument as that,

either as a men or as an American representative. This was the last I say of Maximiliau. A few days later he left for Queretaro."

Now Maximilian's ide?"

"You will have to put that question in a different form it you want me to answer it."

"How shall I put it?"

"If you would ask me whether Mr. Seward could have saved Maximilian's life?"

"If you would ask me whether Mr. Seward intended to save Maximilian's life, and did all he could to accomplish that object, I would certainly answer, 'Yes.'"

"Why did he not succeed?"

"Because the agents of the American government either did not understand or carry out the instructions given by Mr. Seward. Maximilian's life could have been saved by an American representative endowed with a proper understanding of the situation and the requisite firmness of purpose. Mr. Masseras quotes the Austrian Minister in Washington as saying, when he asked for the intervention of the American government in behalf of Maximilian, 'There is no question that Maxico owed its success against the invaders to the moral support of the United Stakes.' This the Mexicans will never admit, although they know it is so. No impression on the Mexican government could have been made by written communications sent to Mexico by-our Legation from New Orleans. 'The Mexicans understood this well enough.'"

"But you were in Mexico at the time. Could not you have done anything?"

"No, Sir. My position in Mexico, after the appointment of a Minister, was a very delicate one. The interests which I was bound to protect in the city of Mexico would not permit me to heave the capital at that time. I had to refuse the request of the French Minister to accompany the Prussian Minister and Consul, who had been called to the city of Queretaro by Maximilian. I had no right to leave the city at the moment when every American citizen's life and property were in danger. My official position did not admit of any act on my part which would aronse the animosity of the Mexican people, who had already shown themselves to be resti

Shou'd the report of Mr. Campbell's return prove cor-rect I would respectfully call the attention of the depart-ment to the fact that on no previous occasion and under no circumstances has there ever been so generally recognized the importance and necessity for the presence in Mexico of a representative of the United States invested with all the prestige and authority which the government can give to a Minister.

a representative of the United States invosted with all the prestige and authority which the government can give to a Minister.

Though every effort is exerted on my part to fulfil the wishes of the government in regard to the Mexican question, I must confess to a certain feeling of diffidence and doubt in my action lest, at any given moment, I should not be able to sustain the course which circumstances and the interests of humanity shall require of me.

The department will not, I trust, misconstrue my remarks when I report that of all foreign agents at present in this city I attract most stiention, as acting for a government which alone enjoys any influence in this country.

MR. SEWARD WISHED TO SAVE RIM.

"There is no question that there was simple time to have made such a demonstration as would have saved Maximilian's life. It was known in New Orleans and Washington that Querctare had failen on the 15th day of April, and that Maximilian was to be tried by court martial and that he would be executed. Mr. Seward instructed Mr. Campbell's proceed to Mexico with as much despatch as possible on the 1st of June, directing him to carnestly urge clemency toward Maximilian and other prisoners of war. This was three weeks prior to the execution of Maximilian. Mr. Campbell's failure to go to Mexico brought about his resignation, which was accepted by the department June 15, 1867. Further evidence of Mr. Seward's disposition to save Maximilian you may perceive in the following telegram:—

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, D. C., June 21, 1897.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 21, 1867.

To General J. B. Steedings, Collector, &c.;—

Please forward two copies of the following, one by the way of Matamoros and the other by the way of Vera Cruz:—

MARCES OTERISOURG. United States Consul, City of Moxico:—

Marces Officinous. United States Consul, on you according to:

You have been appointed United States Minister to the Republic of Mexice. You will act without a commission until you receive one; but a commission will be sent to you in the course of a week.

"It could not have been known in Washington that the unfortunate Prince had been shot two days before. I argue this way from my appointment to be Minister. I believe that my orders to act without a commission meant that I should do all I could to intercode for Maximilian. The appointment came too late for that purpose."

#### THE MEXICAN EXPOSITION.

The City of Merida, of the New York and Mexican afternoon, en route to Vera Cruz, carrying on board the American exhibits to be displayed at the exhibition in the city of Mexico in January. It was announced that a party of representative New York mer-chants were to have taken passage on the City of Merida; but arrangements were made to go by way of Chicago to New Orleans, and thence to go by way of Chicago to New Oricans, and thence to Vera Cruz on the steamer City of Mexico. The party, which consisted of fifty-two gentlemen, will be entertained by the municipality of New Orleans, and will remain in that city from Sunday evening and will remain in that city from Sunday evening until Wednesday morning next. The Mexican government has appropriated \$50,000 to be expended by a special deputation in receiving and entertaining the New Yorkers on their arrival in Vera Cruz and to escort them to their destination, where a programme for their entertainment has been arranged. The only New Yorker who goes down on the City, of Merida is Mr. William Drysdale, a journalist. Mr. Zamacona, the Mexican Minister in New York, has volunteered to pass the exhibits to Mexico free of duty.

Drysdale, a journalist. Mr. Zamacona, the Mexican Minister in New York, has volunteered to pass the exhibits to Mexico free of duty.

The following is a list of those who thus far are known to have enrolled themselves among the outgoing prospectors:—

Robert R. Symon, New York; William Drysdale, New York; Goleman Sollers, Philadelphia; F. K. C. Rogers, New York; Goleman Sollers, Philadelphia; F. K. C. Rogers, New York; Goleman Sollers, Philadelphia; F. K. C. Rogers, New York; Gorge C. Rogers, New York; A. J. Blauvelt, New York; George C. Rogers, New York; A. J. Blauvelt, New York; George C. Rogers, New York; A. J. Blauvelt, New York; Gorge A. Co., New York; A. J. Blauvelt, New Williamnite; representative of Mexell & Libby, New York; J. Allen, St. Louis; cx-Senator Henderson, St. Louis; John Deere, of Inoline, H.; M. E. Paige, Chicago; J. P. Royald, Chicago; W. H. Raud, Chicago; Carlisle Mason, Chicago; Charles B. Farwell, Chicago; J. R. Kothello, Chicago; J. W. Collins, Chicago; Goleman J. R. Royalds and three others, Dayton, Ohlo; representative of Gale Manufacturing Company, Ablom, Mich.; S. D. Kimblek, Chicago; Topracentative of Union Paper Bag Company, Chicago; J. W. Collins, Chicago; Chricago; F. Merrill, Globary, W. S., A. Savin, Chicago; R. Sayre, Chicago; F. Merrill, Beloit, Wis; A. Sheridan, Elgin, Ill.; G. A. Wrisley, Chicago; R. Sayre, Chicago; T. V. Van Huesen, Albany, N. & Y.; J. W. Savin, Chicago; J. M. Chicago; J. H. Sheldon, Chicago; A. Bartlett, Chicago; D. C. Bewny, Wheeling, W. Va.; O. P. Chisholm, Elgin, Ill.; G. A. Wrisley, Milley, Blatavis, Ill.; G. W. Brown, Globarg; H.; J. Rice, Chicago; D. C. Dewny, Wheeling, W. Va.; O. P. Chisholm, Elgin, Ill.; G. A. Whislom, Elgin, Ill.; G. A. Whislom, Elgin, Ill.; G. A. Wrisley, Chicago; Potter Falmer, Chicago; D. H. Lambertson, Chicago; Potter Falmer, Chicago; D. H. Lambertson, Chicago; Potter Falmer, Chicago; Potter Palmer, Chicag

### CHARITY FOR ALL.

You deserve the thanks of all mankind for the honorable and fearless manner in which you conduct out respect to persons, give all sides a hearing, and denounce hypocrisy and cruelty wherever found. I was very much gratified when, on Christmas Day, I read your very able editorial in denunciation of the an unfortunate daughter of Mother Eve to meet a terrible and cruel death by the action of the winter's cold blast. The self-righteousness of these (I blush to mame it) American citizens of the village of Alpena, Mich., deserves all, and more than all, the chastisement you gave them. Did they never hear those memorable words of our Saviour, so full of charity, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her?" If they did, and if they expect to be forgiven as they forgive, why did they send forth poor Eva Leroy to meet such a fearful doom—to face the winter's chilly blast, with no hope of saving her life unless she was able to reach the next village, where, no doubt, she thought there might be at least one charitable person to lend a hand to save her from crimes for which society is the more guilty? As you truly observe, she cannot be recalled to say what her thoughts were about her hopes for the future, or about the hardened men that drove her forth. Flattery and praise, hisses and condemnation, are to her now one and the same thing. Had she been cradled in the lop of luxury and her path through life strewn with roses; had she died on a bed of down, instead of a bed of snow, evil or good are alike to her a blank. If your splendidly written editorial will do no more than bring a tear to our eyes for the dead Eva Leroy you may as well-have written it about a dog, which, you truly say, men would not suffer to die such a death. It is with the living we have to do; 'let the dead bury their dead." Turn, then, your powerful pen to the saving of the thousands of living Eva Leroys that abound in our large cities, and to the thousands that are on the verge of the maistrom. It is useless to say that there is no cure for prostitution. Remove the cause and the cure will follow. But Mr. Talmage's plan of 200 policemen and himself would have about as much effect in putting a stop to prostitution as would be the scooping the ocean dry. White the sources remain so prostitution will flourish—while women are t an unfortunate daughter of Mother Eve to meet a ter-rible and cruel death by the action of the winter's cold

called upon Mayor Ely yesterday and requested six weeks of absence for the purpose of recuperating his health. Mayor Ely suggested that he should resign health. Mayor Ely suggested that he should resign and have Deputy Superintendent Henry J. Dudley appointed in his place. Mr. Adams acceded to this proposition and Mr. Dudley was appointed. The term of the Superintendent will expire on May 1. Mr. Dudley has been connected with the department for several years.